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THE ARGUENOT



APRIL, 1923

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EDITORIALS

Foreword

WE, the Editorial Staff, again present the "Arguenot" to the public. May that public judge it kindly, and find as much enjoyment in reading it as we have found in its preparation!

A Love of Books

My love of books is not of recent development. From early childhood to the present day, I have always found time to read books other than those in connection with my school work. Oftentimes this love of mine has been the cause of many debates between mother and myself, who has repeatedly declared, "There is a time for everything."

At the present time there is a tendency to eliminate books from the list of pleasures and to seek recreation at plays or movies. This is defended in the statement that plays or movies are easier to understand. In many instances I have found that when I had read the book first it helped me to appreciate and understand the play more readily.

Books deal with all ages and with every country, thus, I can live in any age, and have access to every port in the world. They are never troublesome and any question I may ask can be answered by them, if I strive hard enough to find it. Some tell of the history and romances of the past, others deal with present conditions, while others deal with nature, art and the sciences. Some books in moments of depression help me to forget there is work to be done, studies to be done, and even essays to be written. Still others teach me important lessons. All give information that will never be a burden to me.

No matter how poor I may be, or how few friends I may have, I still can have the best men and women of the world for my friends, if I desire. I may be excluded from society, yet I can enter this society through my old friends—my books.

Nothing can take the place of books. They are companions in loneliness, illness and in time of great affliction. They are not only companions but real friends,

because they never betray my moods or secrets and can be entertained or disposed of just as I desire.

William Ellery Channing once wrote—
“In the best books great men talk to us,

with us and give us their precious thoughts from which we may obtain great information if we but realize it.”

M. NELLIGAN, 23

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

The Story Hour

THE evening star shone down on Grandad as he sat on the veranda, waiting for the children to gather about him. Dusk, quiet and the story hour had come.

One by one the children came to cluster around the big winged chair in which Grandad sat. Flossie, golden-haired, blue-eyed, round-cheeked like a cherub. Ned, just “half-past four,” still had the wide-open, inquisitive eyes of a baby. Jean, too tall and slim for her ten years, with her dusky black hair, and her leaf-brown eyes with their sooty lashes. Agnes, the fifteen year old, came that evening too, and honored the group with her presence.

When all the rustling and talking had finally quieted down, Grandad looked up over the tops of the trees silhouetted against the deep blue of the evening sky and saw the star as it steadily looked down upon them. For a long time he sat quiet, so long that Ned coughed tentatively as a reminder. With a sigh Grandad looked down from the star to the children at his feet and in a low, husky voice asked—

“What do you want to-night?”

“Anything at all—oh, anything!”

“Anything! How’ll I know what anything is?”

The children sat still. This was the opening ceremony. Grandad always had his story planned out long beforehand,

but the introduction was never neglected. Jean wondered what Grandad would tell about—his childhood, she supposed. Or maybe he would relate what they had said and done when they were tiny, or maybe— She glanced up at him wondering why he didn’t start. She was surprised to see him again looking up at the deep, dark sky. His eyes shone and his cheeks were colored by a hectic crimson. What was he thinking, she wondered. (Jean was always wondering.)

Then Grandad started his story, gazing straight ahead with the shining light in his eyes.

“She was very beautiful. Her face was a perfect, pale oval. Her eyes deep, deep blue like that sky and they shone like that star. She never had rosy cheeks—she was always pale, pale as a snowdrop. Her hair was an odd, dull black. It didn’t curl and it didn’t wave, it seemed dead. Her mouth was startling—deep, weird, crimson. Against her white face it seemed like a wound. Her lips never smiled—only her eyes. Her eyes were the only living thing about her. Her hands were white, listless. Her gait gliding, slow. But her eyes—they lived and laughed—and loved—.

I met her in a garden—her garden. She was very young and I was young, too. It was at dusk—as it is now. She came down the garden path to meet me. She

wore white—a lustreless white. I could see the white of her face and her gown as she came toward me. I stood quite still. She seemed so spiritual, unreal, that I was afraid to frighten her. I remember that the blood-red roses that brushed her dress were like her lips and that the sky behind her was like her eyes. There was one star in the sky and that star shone down into her eyes.”

Grandad’s voice trailed off. Agnes sat motionless—did Grandad always tell stories like this? This was like—a book. Ned and Flossie were puzzled—this wasn’t a story. Jean had forgotten her surroundings—she saw only a white shape glide between bushes of red roses—and a shining star in the sky. Jean’s eyes shone, too—dreamily, wonderingly. Grandad had been young—

Grandad’s voice broke the silence again—

“I don’t remember what we said. Maybe we didn’t say anything. I just looked and looked. Her eyes bade me welcome. Somebody called from the house—I heard them cry ‘Liris—Liris!’ That was her name, but it should have been Lea instead of Liris. Lea was celestial—Liris of the earth, too passionate. ‘Loves of Angels’—yes, an angel would have loved her. She seemed a spirit herself. I never called her Liris—always Lea.

“We went into the house. I don’t remember what happened—I remember only her voice. It was very low, very intense. She talked only commonplaces, but her voice changed them to important things. It never rose or fell, it had no cadences. It always trailed along on one low, carrying note. But it was never monotonous, never.

“I left very soon. But I came often to that house—too often. When she left for the South that summer I was terrifyingly lonely and afraid—afraid for her—she was not very strong. She came back in the spring—and again I was often at that house. Then in the summer she grew paler and slighter, and when the roses in her garden began to wither—she died. The night was very warm and oppressive. Not one star shone, not a breeze moved the air. Just before the thunderstorm broke loose, she—left. The storm was terrible. I tramped and tramped for miles in it. I couldn’t stay in the house after—it—had been there. An oak near her garden was torn up, trees were struck by lightning. In the morning when I returned from my—walk, I passed her garden. Not one shrub in it was hurt. The roses burned redder, the lilies gleamed whiter—it was mockery.

“She was buried in a lustreless, white dress with a red, red rose in her hand. The day was very beautiful—cool, restful. That night when I walked in her garden, I saw her once more. She glided down the garden path to meet me—she was clothed in white. But her hand held a shining lily, and there was no star in the sky behind her. I looked and looked. And with a glowing smile in her eyes—she left me.”

Grandad ended abruptly. Ned and Flossie were asleep. Jean sat quiet as a statue, looking out, out into the now deep darkness—Agnes asked timidly—

“Was she—Grandmother?”

Grandad arose heavily. In his low husky voice he answered—

“No—she was Grandmother’s sister.” He turned and entered the house.

M. LINDBERG, '25.

On Discoveries

DO you like to make discoveries? Of course, I knew you would say "Yes." But think—the discovery may be pleasant, and then, again, it may be decidedly unpleasant. There are some things everyone likes to discover. I never yet met a person who did not rejoice at finding a two-dollar bill in his pocket that he didn't know he had. Isn't it great to discover that your watch was fast and so you really got to school on time instead of being ten minutes late? Or to find that you had not spent over your weekly allowance, after all? Where is the person who does not delight in finding these things true?

But a discovery does not necessarily mean something agreeable. No! I have often found it to be both alarming and disgusting. If you were called upon to name the most disagreeable discovery you can think of, I wonder what you would say. I know what I'd say—discovering a hole in one's stocking! Now, you may laugh and say, "Oh, that's nothing," but indeed it *is* something. Just put yourself in my place and imagine how I felt the other day when I made just that discovery!

We were in a restaurant in Back Bay and had just had lunch when I first saw the hole. (Afterwards I was glad I had finished lunch—I enjoyed that much, anyhow.) As we were about to leave, I glanced backward into a long mirror and there—just above the top of my right low shoe—was a tiny hole. Oh! that first awful moment! I stood and stared helplessly into the glass and as I stared the hole seemed to grow. It seemed almost as large as a dime when I turned away from the mirror.

It was only two o'clock when we left the restaurant and we were to attend

a concert at three. A whole hour to wait, and each minute seemed like ten! I must get out of the crowd, somehow! All at once all the great ambitions of my life seemed small and insignificant. This one desire loomed before me—I must get away from the crowd!

Trying to speak in a calm and natural voice, I said to my companion,

"We've a whole hour to wait. Let's walk up Massachusetts Avenue, over the bridge toward Tech. It's a lovely day," I added by way of explanation, "and I love the walk over that way."

He glanced at me, surprised at this sudden eagerness to walk, but said nothing. I felt thankful when we started. Massachusetts Avenue, I knew, was not as crowded with pedestrians as the other streets and out on the bridge it was usually rather quiet.

We walked along, he chatting steadily, I answering in monosyllables now and then. My thoughts were not for what he was saying. For once he had a chance to talk all he wanted to, and he seemed to enjoy that novelty so much that he did not notice my silence. While he talked, I had a bright idea: if I walked without bending my foot, the hole would not move up and down. The hole wouldn't show! So I limped painfully along, willing to suffer anything that the hole might be covered. Each person we met seemed to stop and stare at me. Murmuring something about a stone in my shoe, I stooped over to get an idea how large it was. It seemed as large as a quarter now—and still growing!

We went to the concert. I think somebody played the piano. I'm not sure. All during the concert a loud voice shouted, "You've a hole in your stocking! Goody! Serves you right for being

so stuck-up. It's growing, too. Guess there isn't any heel left by now! Serves you right!"

Somehow I lived through the rest of the afternoon. When I finally reached home, I looked for the hole. I truly looked and at first couldn't find it. When I finally did find it—a tiny hole—not as large as the tip of your finger—I sat down on the

bed and cried! Don't ask me why. I don't know. Maybe I cried for joy in discovering that my former discovery was not so bad, after all! Maybe I cried because my whole day had been spoiled! and maybe—just maybe—I cried because after all my painful limping, there really wasn't any hole to cover up!

WILMA REARDON, '23.

At Attleboro

At half-past one we were on our way,
Two big basketball games to play
At Attleboro.

We voiced our feelings in cheer and song,
And had great fun as we rode along
To Attleboro.

At four o'clock we arrived in town
And the girls prepared to play around
With Attleboro.

But hard though the Norwood girls did
play,
Twenty-seven to seven was the score
that day
For Attleboro.

To a Chinese restaurant we did go—
'Twas the only place we could find, you
know,

In Attleboro.

Then, though the Norwood girls got beat,
Our boys did surely bring defeat
To Attleboro.

So 'twas a tired but happy throng
Which late that night did ride along
From Attleboro.

But by next year or so, they say,
Two victorious teams will play
At Attleboro.

CLAIRE SULLIVAN, '23.

Before the Mast of the "Sally"

THE sun was just pushing its rosy head up over the distant blue shore of the bay as Dan Salters jumped from the pier into his small sailboat and prepared to leave the mooring. He was a slim boy of thirteen, clad in blue overalls and a heavy sweater. Under the stern of the boat he placed an old battered saucepan full of clams, with several reels of fishing tackle and a box containing his breakfast. Then with skilful hands he ran up the sail, and with instant obedi-

ence, the canvas caught the brisk wind of early spring and the boat glided swiftly from the pier.

Dan was supremely happy that bright morning. He was always happy when on the sea in the "Sally," his own tiny boat that he himself had built two winters ago with his father's help. This morning, however, he was more than happy, for in three days he was to set out for his first real adventure. The night before, his father had consented to take him on that

season's trip to the fishing banks in the big schooner. He would then become a real fisherman and earn a fisherman's salary. It would be small at first of course but, "What did that matter?"

As Dan thought over his good fortune, he sailed out of the tiny cove into the broad bay and was making straight for his favorite spot for fishing when he spied a shining white steam yacht approaching him. "Gee, what a beauty!" he exclaimed, as the ship drew nearer. "I'll bet that boat set him back some." But in a few minutes his admiration changed to horror, the yacht which was about to pass him was not following the designated channel. "Fools," he muttered, disgusted at the ignorance displayed by the crew, for the bay was known far and wide for its treacherous places. Surely no craft of that size should venture so near the rocks.

Letting his sail flap, Dan stood up and yelled and waved his arms, but he realized his efforts were futile. His rude skiff had more than once before been ignored by larger vessels. For a minute Dan stood motionless, considering the situation. Then with determination he pulled in the sail, and as the "Sally" picked up speed, he brought her around with a jerk. In a moment he was flying before the wind after the unsuspecting yacht.

Just ahead of the larger vessel a point of rocks jutted out into the sea. Undoubtedly, Dan reasoned, the yacht would clear these with a broad margin while his "Sally" could cut between them with safety, and so reach the dangerous spots beyond before the yacht. Suiting the action to the thought, Dan steered for the widest branch between the rocks and passed through just as the yacht rounded the point. Beyond, the water looked quite innocent, but not far below

the surface lay a deadly bed of rocks. In vain Dan tried to signal the yacht, but the stately ship refused to change her course or even notice the tiny boat. This discourtesy angered Dan and he was tempted to give up the attempt, for it would not now be his fault if this haughty ship were wrecked.

With an angry movement he jerked the tiller and was about to turn around when he glanced again at the yacht which was drawing nearer and nearer to the spot of danger. He gasped as he realized the seriousness of the peril and his anger was forgotten instantly. There was but one move to make to save the ship and it was his duty to do all he could if he was to be a real seaman. With determination he steered straight for a point between the steamer and the rocks and stopped his boat directly in the path of the oncoming vessel. He might be run down by the mightier ship or they might see him in time and change the course of the yacht, for his was the right of way. In either case he would have done his utmost to prevent the disaster. There was nothing to do but wait and wave his arms. The powerful steamer rushed toward him at a fearful rate without wavering in its course.

Dan shouted frantically until the yacht was less than twenty yards away. Then, realizing that it was beyond his power to do more, he leaped into the icy water and swam for his life, dimly wondering what would happen. The next moment he could see nothing but the dazzling white side of the vessel. Then came a crashing sound about his ears and he was swept beneath the surface by a giant wave.

Some time later, Dan came to his senses with a start. In an instant he recollected all that had happened and a broad smile spread across his face as he saw that he

was aboard the big yacht. He had saved them!

At that moment a man in a uniform came toward him. "How are you feeling now, Sonny?"

"All right, I guess. Where are we?" asked Dan, sitting up.

"Right where you stopped us, Cap'n, and at your service. We discovered our danger when we picked you up. Too bad we didn't see you sooner or we could have spared your boat, but we weren't just expecting trouble. We didn't know this bay."

"Isn't there anything left of the 'Sally'?" asked Dan anxiously.

"No, Cap'n, not a timber saved, but we'll replace the boat in any size or shape you ask for. There'll be a handsome reward besides. Is that all right?"

"Oh, never mind," was Dan's cheerful reply, "I won't need a boat this season. I'm going fishing on the big schooner. Next winter I'll build another like the 'Sally.' It will be good practice, 'cause you see, that's my job."

HARRIET GAY, '24.

Circumstances

HE was waiting, waiting for the signal. It was all so strange, so unreal. Why was he here? What was he doing? Swiftly the events of the last few weeks passed through his mind in pantomime—like a procession. He had been in prison, he remembered, sentenced for life. Somehow he had managed to secure a newspaper, for they were forbidden luxuries there. It was then he had discovered that the seemingly impossible had happened. A rocket had been perfected which could be shot to Mars. A wonderful discovery—the dream of science come true. But alas! as yet no one had volunteered to attempt this trip. They were all afraid—afraid of the Great Unknown. A large amount was being offered for anyone who would be willing to go. Anyone! That word caught and held his eye. Anyone! That meant him, even. If he ventured and returned, he would have Freedom, Freedom, wealth and fame! On the other hand, if he failed, he would lose nothing but a few more monotonous years of life dragged out into eternity. It was tempting. He had everything to gain and nothing to lose. He decided to go.

Preparations were made and the day appointed on which the gigantic rocket would be released to Mars.

Now he was ready for the journey. A curious crowd surged around him, eager to catch one last glimpse of him.

The signal was given. The moment had come. With a tremendous whistling sound the skyrocket shot off.

The violence of the sudden movement hurled him to the floor, where he remained stunned for a few moments. With an effort he stood up. Looking about him, his eye rested on the speedometer. It registered in the thousands.

A strange feeling came over him. He was alone, alone in a skyrocket, speeding off into endless space, not even knowing his destination except that it was a vague far-away planet. Would he ever see earth again?

The full realization of his situation burst upon him. Until now he had regarded it as a way to freedom and a chance to prove his innocence in the eyes of the world. Now he saw the other side. Even if he did reach Mars, probably a horrible death awaited him there.

The suspense was unendurable. A

sudden terror gripped him. He was going crazy! crazy! crazy! He laughed—a ghastly terrible laugh. Higher and higher

it rose and broke off in a horrible shriek.

MARY BALBONI, '25.

The Struggle of the Seasons

Oh Spring is a beautiful lady
And Winter a powerful man,
But yearly they struggle together
To see who will reign in this land.

Spring's weapons are warmth, love and
beauty,

While Winter's are power and harsh
cold—

But Spring in the end always conquers,
Tho' Winter be pow'rful and bold.

Spring always comes here after Winter
And warms up the things he has cursed.
He loses because of his manners:
He never lets ladies come first.

KATHARINE FOSS, '24.

Sir Kenneth De Boverly

PAPER NO. III

IN my last talk with my readers, in endeavoring to describe the fourth and youngest member of the "Spectator's Club," I stated that I was unable to give a detailed description, he being so recently added to our number. At this time, however, I may say that I know the young man, whose name, by the way, is Sir Blondy Bangs, very much better, and can state with all honesty that a more worthy, interesting, not to say "up-to-date" young person, I have seldom, if ever, seen. If any of us older members wish to know any little thing concerning the late fashions, the new dance steps, or the current sports, to Sir Bangs we always go, and never are we disappointed. There is one subject, however, which our worthy friend seems to have neglected most appallingly in his varied and excellent education and that subject is "Work."

The other afternoon Sir Kenneth and I arrived at the club rather late, to find

the living room in intense disorder with a wild array of papers and books scattered over the tables and chairs. Sir Bangs himself was seated, or rather sprawled as it were, in an easy chair in the midst of the confusion, with hair greatly dishevelled and an exceedingly "out of sorts" expression on his face.

"Ho-ho, my young friend," cried Sir Roger jovially. "And what might be the meaning of all this disorder?"

Sir Bangs having grumbled something about an essay which he was required to write, for he is still pursuing his education, sighed and stated finally that he had something done which was "good enough" he calculated, and would "get him by" at least.

Now Sir Kenneth, as you know, is exceedingly blunt and outspoken, and on hearing this direct contradiction to all his theories, he was unable to contain himself.

"My dear young sir," he stated gravely,

“one of your favorite sayings, I believe, is ‘The best or nothing,’ is it not?”

Sir Bangs having replied in the affirmative, Sir Kenneth continued.

“You desire the best food possible, the best clothes obtainable, the best entertainments that are to be had, do you not? But, my dear sir, did it ever occur to you that although you expect to receive the best always you are not willing to give the best of yourself in return? Now one of my favorite maxims is, ‘What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.’ Perhaps it would be wise for you to adopt it.”

And having spoken thus, Sir Kenneth proceeded to bury himself in silence and the daily paper.

Sir Bangs stared in astonishment for a few seconds as the new thought penetrated his cranium.

“By jumping, jiminy crickets!” he exclaimed, “that’s not a bad maxim at that.” And reaching for pen and paper, he immediately began to write fast and furiously.

I crossed to the window to sit down, and as I passed Sir Kenneth’s chair he favored me with an exceedingly knowing wink. I sat down to await developments, but there was nothing but silence for fully half an hour. At the end of this time, Sir Bangs laid down his pen and indulged in a most delicious stretch.

“By holy smoke!” he declared, “I swear that’s the best I can do.”

Whereupon he invited us to join him at a tea dance, and knowing that he was fond of our company, and wishing to encourage him a little, Sir Kenneth and I consented, despite a little protestation of conscience. Accordingly we watched Sir Bangs enjoy himself for the next hour and a half, and so blithely did he dance, and such a “clear-conscience” look did he wear on his face, that my worthy friend and I enjoyed ourselves immensely and drank our weak tea without a qualm.

MADISON AND SPEELE.

Her Own Way

AT six years Marcia White would lie on the floor, kick her heels together and howl until she got what she wanted; at eighteen she used less demonstrative methods, but still achieved the same result. Whether a new gown, or some bangle that caught her fancy, the result was always the same. At first this was the result of parental indulgence, for she was an only child and her folks were rather wealthy.

Then, as time went on and Marcia had these terrific spasms of anger, her mother would grow frightened and would give in to her. When she was fourteen, she suddenly abandoned these fits and became, instead, cold and distant, and

would refuse to speak to her parents. Her mother and father, both small, rather timid people, seemed entirely dominated by the spirit of their daughter.

Yet, to outsiders, Marcia seemed delightful. And, indeed, this was so, for when people did as Marcia wished she was charming. She was an extremely beautiful girl, with lustrous black hair and eyes of deepest violet.

So Marcia grew up—never crossed in anything she seriously wanted to do. She wanted a new gown—her father gave it to her; she wanted a new hat—the same; she wanted the lead in the Senior play—she got it; she wanted a medal at graduation, and she got that, too. Yet,

to do her justice, Marcia worked hard for the last two mentioned honors, and she really deserved them.

She would have laughed to scorn anyone who told her that she was selfish, and would doubtless have pointed out numerous instances to prove the reverse. Yet it would have been exceedingly hard to find anyone more entirely so. She *never* thought of the rights of others.

So when Marcia decided that she wanted a roadster for her own use, she just calmly approached her father and told him so.

"I'm afraid I can't get it for you just now, Marcia. I'm in pretty deep water on the street just at this time, and I can't raise the money."

"But I want one, Dad," was the surprised answer.

"And I say I cannot afford it just now," was the response. "I'll see what I can do in a few months, though," he added in a conciliatory tone.

Marcia's brows slowly contracted, and her lips closed in a straight, thin line. Her voice gleamed with anger and her voice, as she answered, was icy, "Very well, if you want me to kill myself walking to school every day"—and she walked from the room.

For two days, then, war waged in the White home. Marcia barely spoke to her father, believing that she would in the end win out. She was not seriously disturbed at his complaint of not having the money. He had said that before, and always managed to get it. Why shouldn't he now? She drove their big car furiously around the city, until her

mother, who always worried when she drove this, pleaded with her father. Two days later she had the car, and was once more the victor.

And now there was joy in the White home, for, as once before said, Marcia was charming when people did as she wished.

The car was a beautiful one, and Marcia was delighted with it.

"How does she go?" a friend asked her one day.

"Wonderful!" was the reply. "I'll make her go sixty yet. See if I don't."

"Don't fool yourself, Marcia. You wouldn't dare go that fast!"

"All right! You see if I don't. I'll do it to-day. Come on!"

Off they went, and soon came to a long, level stretch of road where Marcia started. Fifty—fifty-two—fifty-six—fifty-seven—sixty!

"Hurrah—there she goes!" cried the girl waving her arm exultantly. But alas—a sudden crossroad—another car—and then the crash!

* * *

"She'll never walk again, you say?"

"Yes, paralysis from the hips down. Shame isn't it, she's such a wonderful girl."

"Yes, it is. What about the girl with her?"

"Oh, she'll be all right in a week or so. They were going sixty miles an hour."

"Yes, I know."

Once more Marcia White had had her way, for, as you know, Marcia always got what she wanted.

D. KELLEY, '23.

Firelight

A WAKENED by stifling smoke, a sudden fear and a blinding glare of fire, Ruth Burke jumped from her bed,

awakened her bedfellow, and, snatching some clothes from a chair, ran through the low door of her little log camp.

Outside in the snow she and her friend watched their vacation home turn to a mass of swirling flames. The red tongues cast their weirdly dancing shadows on the white snow and stretched up as far as they could toward the pale moon watching in the sky.

The cruelty of it, the weird ghostliness of the dancing flames, put a great fear and hatred of it all into the girls' hearts.

When at last the fire died, and all that was left was black embers, they walked tremblingly by the yellow moonlight to a farmhouse far away.

The kind people took them in and lighted a roaring fire in their big open fireplace. At first the girls shuddered at the sight of it and could not go near it. They feared it as the big unchecked fire in the log cabin. But this fire was different. The light of it was cheery. It warmed them and loved them. They were no longer afraid. They understood that the world is made up of good and bad. They must look into the soul of a thing to know whether it is to be feared or loved.

KATHARINE FOSS, '24.

My Ideal Man

My ideal man must be quite tall and strong;

He must be strong the tasks of life to face,
So he can hold his course in the great race
And keep himself from drifting into wrong.

My ideal man above the mob must stand;
He must not yield to worldly care or greed,

For upright men the Mighty God does need;

And he like "Liberty" is firm and grand.

This man of mine has tact and great reserve;

When meeting problems or on trouble's brink,

He staunchly stops to reason and to think

And never from the course of right does swerve.

He must be one who says, "I will!" "I can!"

And must be worthy of the name—A MAN!

ROBERT W. WILLIAMSON, '23.

My Garden

I've looked up all my garden tools;

My garden plot I've measured;

I've sorted out the little seeds,

All winter long I treasured.

My garden plot is ten by twelve;

My seeds are mostly flowers;

I've pored and read seed catalogues

For many faithful hours.

I've got to have a brand new hoe,

Some stakes, perhaps a barrow;

And must be careful not to make

My beds too wide, or narrow.

And now, the one main thing remains—

The thaw, the April showers,

A warm and mild—a perfect Spring

To grant me fragrant bowers.

CECILIA EKHOLM.

In Search of Copy

AS I approached the institution, its bare prison-like aspect sent a cold shudder down my back, and there was

a doubt in my mind whether I should find there any worth-while material for a good story. It seemed prosaic enough,

with its high stone walls, its posted sentries and its quiet sign which read, "Greenfield State Insane Asylum."

My car passed the guard at the heavy iron gate and drew up in front of the largest building in the grounds. I picked up my bags and went up the steps. My ring was answered by a liveried servant and I was shown into the superintendent's office. I had only a short talk with that official, as everything had been arranged beforehand, and then I was taken to the room on the second floor to prepare for supper.

In about fifteen minutes I descended the stairs again. It had been decided that I should take my meals with the inmates, so as to get realistic material for my new book.

The room which I entered held two long tables crowded on both sides with the poor unfortunates. As I entered the door, a woman sitting near it uttered a glad shriek and fell upon my neck, crying, "Jack, Jack, my dear son! So you've come at last to take me away!" With some difficulty, an attendant disengaged her arms from my neck and led her back to the table, where she presently subsided and amused herself by pouring her soup down the neck of an old man sitting next to her.

Somewhat discomposed, I allowed myself to be seated between two apparently quiet women, and began my supper.

Across the table from me a man with an American flag in his buttonhole was discoursing volubly with a heavily-bearded Russian, on who was going to win the war, and next to him an oldish spinster was endeavoring to vamp a tiny bald-headed man in spectacles. I turned my attention to my left-hand neighbor and began to question her gently. She was a mild-looking woman with a vacant face and a quick, nervous manner. At

first she was uncommunicative, but over the roast she confided to me that she was the Queen of Sheba, cheated of her rightful heritage and thrown into prison by King Solomon. She would have added more but I checked her confidence by turning to my right-hand neighbor, who proved to be a little white haired old lady in quest of the Fountain of Youth.

Just at this moment my attention was called to a young girl who was seated on the opposite side of the table farther down. She was blonde and extremely beautiful. Could it be that such an exquisite person was insane! She sat quietly, saying nothing to anyone, and when she raised her eyes there was such an expression of sadness in them that my heart stopped beating. What a wonderful heroine for my book! It could not be that she was insane. Perhaps—millions of newspaper stories came to my mind, stories of beautiful heiresses forcibly placed in insane asylums by designing relatives. Could this be the explanation?

I finished my supper in silence and immediately afterward retired to my room to think it over. Already my mind had concocted a story of this wronged girl who I was now certain had been defrauded of a fortune. It was an injustice, and it was my duty to save her. What a story it would make.

It had grown dark suddenly, and I hunted for matches. As I lit the gas I became aware for the first time of voices in the room next to mine. I realized that they had been going on for some time in low murmurs, but now they were raised in anger or excitement and I could hear snatches of conversation through the thin partition. These were the words which met my alarmed ears:

"Dat's fine! We'll teach her! She's locked up—you sneak down."

"If she makes any noise strangle her—don't take no chances—"

The voices sank to a low mumble and I caught my breath in alarm. Naturally, the first thing which entered my mind was the beautiful girl of the supper table. Apparently, not satisfied with the wrongs already inflicted, those men intended injury to her very person. I must stop it—but how?

The voices ceased, and I heard the next door open and close softly. I turned off my light and opened the door. It was pitch dark in the hallway, but I could hear soft footsteps descending the stairs, and as quietly as possible I followed.

It was a little lighter in the lower hall, and I could make out two shapes passing through the moonlight in the door of the dining room. Crouching close to the wall, I kept as near to them as possible. "I'll stay here. You go and get her. Choke 'er if she yells." One passed through the farther door; the other stood on guard in the doorway. What was I to do? To go near that door meant

almost certain death, but in that other room the girl of my fairy tale was perhaps being strangled to death.

Sick with disgust, I went back to bed, making no attempt to save the poor creature. What right did a self-respecting author have in a place where women, though they were Queens of Sheba, and big husky men snooped around in the dark attacking harmless kittens?

Before I left next morning, I questioned the superintendent about the girl. She was hopelessly insane, believing herself to be Joan of Arc leading her troops into action. Whenever she went on the warpath, she attempted to kill whoever happened to be near her.

I took one last look at the stone walls, the sentries, and the quiet sign, and then ordered my chauffeur to take me as far away as possible from the "Greenfield State Insane Asylum." And I then and there determined that the next place I visited to get material for a story would be a—Home For Blind Mice.

CLAIRE SULLIVAN, '23.

That Little Spark of

EVERY time I hear the word "conscience" it causes me to wonder. "Conscience," I say to myself, "is—well—it's something I can't exactly explain, but I do know it is very annoying at times."

One of these times is when my mother wants me to do something her way which doesn't suit me at all, and so, consequently, I end up by doing it my way. When I have done something that doesn't exactly please, and that "annoying thing"—conscience—says, "you must atone," I try to help a little.

Before I go upstairs to help with the housework, my mother says, "Be sure to take every one of the clothes off the

bed and turn the mattress over." I think how foolish it is to go to all that extra trouble for nothing, and therefore I just pull up the clothes and straighten them out, and it looks just as well as if I had followed the instructions. But, alas! when I go downstairs again that annoying thing" again bothers me and when my mother says, "Well, did you turn the mattress over and brush it?" I answer, "Yes."

I now feel as if I had committed an enormous sin, and I hurry away to my room to convince myself that I have done nothing wrong. The logic I use is this:

She said, "Did you do such and such a thing?" but she didn't specify any partic-

ular time for doing it and I answered, "Yes." I did do that thing, but I did not say when I did it. It is no prevarication although maybe it has been quite a while since I complied with her wishes.

But it is as good logic as saying no cat has nine tails and one cat has one more tail than no cat; therefore, if no

cat has nine tails and one cat has one more tail than that, he has ten tails.

Even though I prove that it is no prevarication, that it is no sin, and that it is pretty good logic, I can feel that little spark of ——— Still I have no good definition for that "annoying thing."

O. LENNIS.

A Day at School

The birds were sweetly singing, one early summer morn;

The flowers were in blossom; green, the growing corn.

Miss Parks, the young school teacher, walked gaily on her way,
Aglow with love for teaching and high resolves that day.

By nine the last bell sounded; each child rushed to his seat;

They whispered and they giggled, till she was far from sweet.

But with modulated voice she read devotions thru,

Then marked down the attendance, wrote truant cards for two.

And then she turned to figures.—The door flew open wide—

"Good mornin' to yer, Teacher. I'm Mrs. Jim McBride.

I come to see 'bout Johnny,—his marks are awful low;

Why is he bad in readin'? In figgers, too, he's slow.

"Yer call him poor in spellin'; in conduct he gets 'D'.

What are you *expectin'*?—he seems quite good to *me*.

I know he can't do numbers; yer don't explain 'em good,

An spellin' is the worst thing; he'd spell right if he could.

"'He gets all he deserves,' eh? Now listen, Mistress Parks:

My Johnny ain't a goin' t' get such awful marks.

I'm goin' ter the committy.—You'll lose yer job I know."

And she walks right toward the door, and bangs it as she goes.

The face that smiled that morning was clouded o'er with care;

The class was very restless, and hot the schoolroom air;

Dismissal bell was ringing, the children started home;

While at her desk the teacher worked bravely on alone.

HELEN NORRIS, '23.

Conscience

MR. JOHNS was a henpecked husband—there was no doubt about it. Thirteen years of married life had proved fatal to his boyhood dreams of being "master of the home," for there was Mary to be considered, you know. Sweet little Mary Alden! She had made

a perfect bride, but as a housewife—! Mr. John was musing on this subject as he sat before the huge open fireplace. Although he seemed perfectly at ease, stretched out full length with his feet on a parlor chair in front of him, his manner betrayed a little excitement as

though at any moment he expected a harsh "call down" for his position. He was not to be disappointed. Out of the void it came, as it had come thousands of times before and would come thousands of times again. Mary had entered this scene of comfort.

"Well, Henry, it does seem as though you were a lover of laziness. Have you nothing better to do than to repose with your feet upon Aunt Hetty's best chair?" Mrs. Johns' tone was not to be questioned. She was decidedly in a huffy mood. Of course Mr. Johns rose to the occasion with the dignity and courage befitting a man of his years.

"Oh, er—er—er—, I was just— Yes, my love, I'll get busy immediately."

And the door closed quietly upon Henry's retreating figure. Mary compressed her lips in a tight line, and went about the room seeking for traces of forbidden tobacco. Poor Mr. Johns! he was such a very poor deceiver. Mary's quick eye had perceived a distinct speck of tobacco on the rug. The customary battle which ensued, my dear readers, I will leave to your imagination lest I fail to do justice to the scene. Nevertheless, with Mrs. Johns again the victor of the day, a soulful determination to be the "worm that turns" took hold of Henry.

* * *

It was nearly midnight, when it was apparent that someone was stirring about in the dark bedroom. Mr. Johns, partly clothed, struggled, on the quiet, to secure a few of his personal belongings while keeping watch over his sleeping spouse. Once he started as Mrs. Johns stirred, but gaining courage by the silence which followed, Henry kept on making sure that he had safely in his pocket the ten

dollars that Mary had given him as this month's allowance; he picked up his bundle of clothes and fled into the night. The last train was just leaving when Mr. Johns reached the station. Peering about him like some thief that fears detection, he boarded the train and seated himself in a far-off corner. He breathed a sigh of relief. Suddenly, he gave a gasp of horror. A chill went up his spine as he gazed open-mouthed at his feet. Heavens! Murder! Help! What could be done? *He had forgotten his rubbers!* A grim picture of the angel of death invited by pneumonia came before his eyes. Hadn't Mary always said that he must wear his rubbers? And now he would catch cold and die in some forlorn place where there would be no Mary to care for him. He was seized with an impulse. As the train slowed down at the next station, five miles from his beloved home, Mr. Johns grabbed his bundle and jumped off.

The tramp home was one never to be forgotten. Poor dear Mr. Johns had an attack of conscience every ten steps along the way, and when at last he reached his doorstep, in the gray hours of the morning, he fell exhausted to his knees. Not a moment was to be lost, however. Carefully he opened the door and crept into the kitchen. Crash! a cup fell to the floor and broke, and from the depths of upstairs came the voice—

"Henry! What are you doing? Explain yourself." The tone was not less chilly nor sweeter than usual, but to Mr. Johns it was as though an angel had stooped and kissed his brow. In accents clear he answered her:

"Nothing, dear. Just thought I'd come down to get a drink!"

FLORENCE LITTLEFIELD, '23.

A Real Captain

IT was a mellow day in early June of the year nineteen-seventeen when the refugee ship *Lochinvar* left France with six hundred French peasants and two hundred wounded or shell-shocked dough-boys on board. A convoy of seaplanes had hovered over the vessel since it had left the coast and now, as Captain John Barty stood on the deck, he breathed a sigh of relief, for this was the third day out and as yet they had seen no lurking submarine nor menacing periscope. Tomorrow they would be out of the danger zone and he could finish the trip with lightened responsibility.

Suddenly there came a shout from the lookout, "Periscope to the starboard! Periscope to the starboard!"

Immediately there followed a subdued flurry of excitement. Orders were sharply given and briskly executed. Guns were turned in the direction whence the small funnel had disappeared. Over the ship there hung a pall of suspense, visible in the captain and discharged soldiers by the grim set of their lips; in the refugees by their terror-stricken apathy.

Minute followed minute and nothing happened. The strained tension was gradually relaxing when suddenly—it came! A swish! A crash! Terified screams from the women, curses from the men and the answering roar of the ship's great guns! When the smoke cleared, it was seen that nearly the whole side of the vessel had been shot to pieces and that the water was rushing in with hungry gulps and leaps. No sign of the cowardly submarine could be seen. It had evidently been frightened off by the return shot and the gathering flock of planes overhead.

The ship was settling slowly and at a

glance it was seen to be hopeless of repair. Orders were given to stand by and lower the boats, which were rapidly filled. Captain Barty having remained until every one else was off, was just about to take the only remaining place in the last life-boat when suddenly he heard the shrill voice of a woman on deck shrieking in French, "My child!"

With a bound he was beside her urging her with a rough gentleness to the small life boat, saying, "I'll find the kid, ma'am. Don't worry. I'll find the kid! You just trust me, John Barty never breaks his word!" And though she evidently did not understand his words she took confidence from his tone and manner, and allowed herself to be lowered into the boat. As she dropped into his place the captain shouted, "Heave to! Heave to! Ye land lubbers, heave to!"

Just in time, too. For they had no sooner withdrawn than the ship gave a sickening lurch which would surely have swamped the smaller craft.

Then Captain John turned to look for the child, saying to himself, "Now John Barty, nice mess ye've got yerself in, lookin' for somebody else's fool brat while ye might be a-savin' yerself." Yet he knew that he never had any intention of abandoning the child.

Suddenly a loud wail smote upon his ears, then another and another. "That's him, by thunder, that's him!" and hastening to the spot whence the wail proceeded, he beheld the child, almost buried in a pile of canvas, doubling up its tiny fists in fury!

"Wanta fight, do ya?" growled John tenderly. "Not now but later me boy, later." Then as the ship settled a little more, he took up the baby and with hands grown as gentle as a woman's,

he bound it up in canvas and hung it over his back as an Indian squaw does her papoose.

That done, he looked hurriedly about for some avenue of escape. He could see nothing, for at the upheaval of the vessel the decks had been swept clean of all insecure objects. As he felt the tremors of the ship his effort of search redoubled. But nothing came to view except a derby hat lying in the water, like an empty egg shell. Suddenly he glanced upward.

Was that sea plane descending? Perhaps there was a chance after all! But how could he get into it? The ship would sink long before the plane could skim the water. Then something tumbled out of the plane. By Jupiter, a rope ladder! If he could only catch it!

Two minutes was all he needed, only two.

Nearer and nearer came the plane. The ladder swept his head once. He made a futile grasp. The second time he almost had it when with a tantalizing twist it swung away again! The ship was now wallowing heavily. If it would only stay up a minute longer! The third time he caught the bottom rung and as the plane rose upward he was taken off his feet. Just in time! With an awful sucking sound the ship vanished into the sea.

Hand over hand our gallant captain climbed like a monkey till, by some most delicate, difficult, hair-raising manipulation, he worked himself into the seat beside the aviator, who shouted above the noise, "Good work, comrade!"

GRACE POTTER, '25.

To a Radiator

Oh modern comfort of to-day,
How I adore your heat!
I'll gladly all expenses pay,
But warm me, I entreat!

After a day of hardsome toil
I get home cold and ill.
I alway shiver and recoil
When I touch you, dark and chill.

I wish some young inventor, wise,
Would add by a reform,
Some excellent and good device
To keep you always warm.

CECELIA EKHOLM.

Bobbett Regrets an Inspiration

"O LORDY!" ejaculated Bobbet as she trounced out of the big department store. "I'm not going to wait in that place all day to have my hair cut. I certainly need a clip, but every place is positively crowded. And to-night there is the club party. Well—" and with an all expressive shrug of her shoulders, Roberta Evans pushed along with the throng of shoppers.

All through the afternoon, however, it seemed that every mirror she passed purposely threw back at her a view of a girl with straggly, unkempt hair. It really wasn't bad-looking hair, you know, but to Roberta that extra half-inch length was as poison. And she did want to look especially nice for the party.

When, in the latter part of the afternoon, she had finished her shopping,

Bobbet turned toward the South Station. She had resolved that she could do nothing but trim her own hair when she arrived home.

As she was crossing Dewey Square, she saw a striped post. A striped post was certainly a familiar sight, and equally well-known was the fact that it was a barber's trademark. But this post appeared in a new light. Bobbet had an inspiration. "Why not try it?" the girl interrogated herself. "It's a quarter of five. My train goes at 5.15. Of course Aunt Clara will be horrified,—but then, lots of modern things horrify Aunt Clara." Bobbet was an adventuresome person. She turned down Atlantic Avenue and advanced until she stood before the sign, "Gentlemen's Barber Shop." Stopping only to ascertain that the establishment appeared clean and respectable, she entered.

The occupants of the shop looked at the newcomer with curiosity. All the chairs were filled by men of nondescript types. Another man, young and good looking, was awaiting his turn. Bobbet sat down. Soon one of the chairs discharged its occupant. Bobbet, smiling at the barber, said sweetly, "I should like my hair trimmed, please." But, before she could mount the chair, she was amazed to see that the waiting man had usurped it. He turned upon her a look which she later described as "just like a disapproving maiden aunt's." A snicker came from one of the other chairs. The embarrassed barber looked from one to the other of the young people. But the man who had behaved so strangely said coolly to him, "Please show a little speed. My train leaves at 5.15," and added casually, but with obvious intent, "By the way, I had always understood this was a man's establishment."

Bobbet sincerely wished herself out of the shop and far away. It was now five o'clock. Unless she left soon she would miss that train. But how could she leave, and have that rude boor think his disapproval had frightened her away? She waited.

At length there was another vacant chair. Bobbet installed herself and was soon at the ruthless hands of a barber uninitiated in the treatment of feminine locks, yet willing to try anything once. Bobbet fancied she saw a grin on the face of the young man as her hair was trimmed closer and closer. At last she objected and restrained the shears of the barber, who was becoming much interested in his task.

When the hostile gentleman had disappeared in time to catch his train, Roberta surveyed herself in the mirror. Horrors! What had been done! Her hair was trimmed—yes—no doubt about that!

* * *

Roberta finally reached her home town (not on the 5.15, however). Her family marvelled at her odd haircut and demanded the name of the original workman. No explanation was forthcoming from the unusually taciturn Bobbet.

Thus her evening was spoiled before it had begun, and it was an uncomfortable and disconsolate Bobbet who finally slipped into a remote corner to watch the dancing rather than be inspected. But she was not to enjoy sweet solitude for long. A friend approached accompanied by a young man. Bobbet rose, seeking a means of escape, but none was offered. Then she turned—to face the man of the barber shop. And none could understand why the stranger, seeing Bobbet, laughed so heartily, or why Bobbet quite miraculously disappeared.

EDITH HILL, '23.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT

Le Jeu Interrompu

Pierre et son comarade avaient treize ans. Ils sont allés tous les jours à l'école et ils sont rentrés chez eux ensemble.

Un jour pendant qu'ils rentraient chez eux, Pierre dit à André.

"Jouons ce que nous avons lu dans le livre qui s'appelle Quentin Durward."

"Qui," dit André, "je serai Petit André et vous serez Tristan l'hermite."

"Oui jouera le rôle de Quentin?" demanda Pierre."

"Nous trouverons Jean."

Ils ont trouvé Jean et il a dit qu'il serait Quentin Jean avait seulement six ans.

Mais lorsqu'il a trouvé qu'André et Pierre allaient le suspendre il a pleuré.

Deux garçons sont allés chez eux le jour très déconcertés.

JULIA CONNOLLY.

Par Exemple

Papa, achetez-moi un tambour?

Ah mais non. Tu fais assez de bruit toute la journée.

Mais papa, je ne vous promet qu'en jouer quand tu dors.

En France

C'est le matin de bonne heure, mais les paysans sont déjà au travail. Les femmes travaillent avec les hommes aux champs, mais elles ne font que le travail le plus facile. De l'autre côté de la rue un homme laboure; il porte une casquette et un costume de coton bleu. Un des fermiers nous invite à entrer dans sa maison. Il nous mène dans la cuisine qui est la salle principale de la maison. Elle a un plafond de bois et il y a une

grande cheminée au fond. Des jambons sont suspendus au plafond et il y a des gravures sur les murs. Nous remercions notre hôte pour son hospitalité et nous sortons pour voir le village. Nous visitons la petite église et puis nous allons à la ville qui n'est pas loin de là. Les Français aiment la société. Devant les maisons nous voyons des femmes qui causent et rient—des hommes asseyent autour des tables sur le trottoir devant les cafés, et ils causent ils lisent les journaux, et ils jouent aux cartes ou aux dames. Sur la place publique de la ville, nous voyons la mairie et l'école. C'est l'heure de la récréation et les enfants jouent aux balles et à la troupie. La place publique est aussi le marché où les paysans viennent trois fois par semaine pour vendre leurs oeufs, leur beurre, leurs fruits et leurs légumes.

Nous entrons dans l'école et le professeur nous dit que les classes commencent à huit heures et finissent à quatre heures. L'année scolaire est aussi beaucoup plus longue qu'en Amérique. Elle commence le premier octobre et elle finit le dernier jour de juillet.

Translated by M. S.

D. K.

Un comédien anglais, bien connu, voyageant à Birmingham par le Grand Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest, l'autre jour, en s'approchant de Banbury, commença à avoir faim, et détermina d'avoir une des brioches pour lesquelles le village est fameux.

Quand le train s'arrêta, il fit venir un garçon, lui donna six sous et lui demanda d'obtenir "deux brioches," lui promettant une des deux pour sa peine.

Au moment où le train allait partir le garçon s'élança à la voiture dans

laquelle le comédien impatient était assis, et lui offrant trois sous s'écria, "Voici votre monnaie, Monsieur."

"Peste de monnaie; où est la brioche?" cria le comédien qui avait faim.

"Il ne resta qu'une," répondit le garçon, "et je la mangea."

Translated by M. C.
H. M.

Tempus Fugit-Accelera

Si desisto opere meo paulo, is qui mihi docet dicit, "Tempus fugit, accelera!"

Si dormio paulo post orientem solis, mater mea mihi dicit, "Tempus fugit, accelera!"

Si progredior tarde ad scholam, amici mei mihi dicunt, "Tempus fugit, accelera!"

Si dubito transferre de Bello Gallico, videtur Caesar mihi dicere, "Tempus fugit, accelera!"

Itaque pector die in diem a his tribus verbis, "Tempus fugit, accelera!"

EVA KNEZNEK.

Bella Caesaris

Nos cognoscimus ex primo libero Caesaris ut Helvetii, potentissima gens Galliae, velint exire suis finibus et transire Romanam provinciam. Caesar negat permittere hoc. Sequitur et superat Helvetios. Germaniae civitates impetum faciunt ei sed Caesar eos vincit, habens modo vigintiquinque milia hominum et quadraginta milia equitatus. Pugnant pilis et magna saxa iaciunt.

In secundo libero cognoscimus, quo modo Caesar et Romanus exercitus cum Belgis bellum gerant. Hostes contra Romanos impetum faciunt, occupantes de faciendis castris. Sed Caesar cohortatus est Romanos milites et vicerunt.

In "Magno Bello," si Caesar gessisset bellum contra "Kaisarem" et Germanos

cum omnibus sociis et novis armis belli, quo modo bellum confestum esset?

MARGARET CAVERLY, '25.

N. H. S. Dictum et Signum

N. H. S. Signum, quod deligebatur ut iret cum nostris verbis, "Ad Summa Contendimus," est optimum. Demonstrat quid, "Ad Summa Contendimus" significatur. Memoria tenemus esse dictum de N. H. S. et cuiusquam. Etiam docuit nos ad summa contendere non modo in pilis sed etiam in nostris scientis et omnibus N. H. S. rebus. Omnes sequantur ea verba tam diligentes quam possunt. Memoria tenebimus in omnibus, "Ad Summa Contendimus."

D. VINCENT KENEFICK, '25.

Sententia de N. H. S.

N. H. S. suam sententiam delegit, "Ad Summa Contendimus," quae honestari debet maxime, et quae discipulos impellere maioribus rebus iuvabit. Discipuli in N. H. S. bonum indicium deligendam eam sententiam fecerunt, et si eane sequentur melius indicium facient. Sententia delectat sit sic ut omnes non modo in schola sed etiam ex schola in maiores res inducantur.

Sit sententia "Ad Summa Contendimus," auxilium discipulo de N. H. S. nunc et semper.

B. FIREMAN.

Magnum Bellum in Europa

Rex Germanorum cupivit fieri dominus super omnes nationes mundi. Itaque coepit parare multa quibuscum existimavit se victurum esse exercitus omnium nationum. Coegit multas machinas belli et eas fecit latere ad occasionem committendi belli. Omnibus rebres paratis, rex fecit causambelli. Ubi existimavit se

habere causam instruxit suos exercitus
et eos misit contra Belgas. Multae na-
tiones iverunt auxilio Belgis. Fortunae
belli fuerunt multaeque variae. Tamen,
proeliis multisque difficilibus factis,
Germanis paratissimis, amici Belgarum
vicerunt. Itaque iustitia semper vincet
iniquitatem.

The Story of Aeneas

Aeneas was a Trojan bold
Who started out to build a town.
The sea he covered far and wide,
O'er lands he wandered up and down.

Aeneas had the hardest luck,
The soft part he did surely miss;
But he was brave and strong of heart.
His tribulations went like this:

The Greeks they built a wooden horse
And left it near the Trojans' gate,
They filled it up with husky men
And slyly sailed away to wait.

The Trojans they did scan the beast
And fear was with them not at all;
They were as bold as bold could be
And soon it was within their wall.

That night a villain he did go
Among the Trojans brave and stern;
He let the soldiers from the horse
And then the city they did burn.

Just thus it went with our poor friend,
Who was as blue as you would be;
But he was brave and built a fleet
In which he sailed the wide blue sea.

He went to Thrace and thence to Crete,
He sailed way up and then way down,
He went all o'er the globe it seemed
To try to found his longed-for town.

The signs and all the omens weird
Kept telling him where he should go,
But when they tried to sail that way,
He had hard luck, yea, woe on woe.

Fair Dido tried to make him stay
With many gifts and lovelorn pleas;
But great Aeneas and his men
Soon left to sail the stormy seas.

Aeneas' father since had died
And gone where good souls often go.
Aeneas went to see the man
A great long distance down below.

He saw some spectres and some ghosts,
And even saw his father pale;
Among the spirits drawn and grey
His way to find he sure did fail.

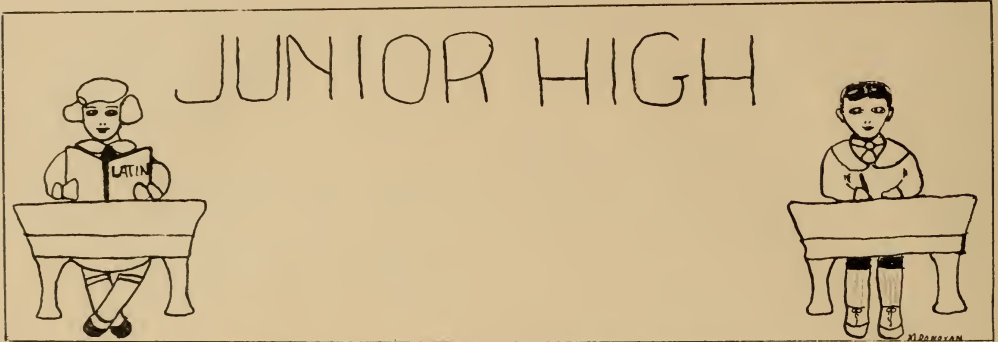
And so he strove for many years
With battles, war and journeys long.
At last by dint of courage great
He founded Rome, now famed in song.

Here brave Aeneas built his home,
Together with his weary men.
There is no more that I can tell
And so this line must be the end.
ROBERT WILLIAMSON.

Willie: "Pass me the butter."
Mother (reproachfully): If what,
Willie?"

Willie: "If you can reach it."
—"The Imp."

NOTE: The Editorial Staff wishes to
thank those members of the Commercial
Department who gave so much of their
time and energy to copying material
for this issue of the "Arguénot."



The Community and the Home

THE home is a community on a small scale. A larger community needs a government, so does the home. This does not mean a code of laws, but it does mean discipline and cooperation to keep it in good, happy, working condition.

The first requisite of a home is cleanliness. This factor is a starting point for all others, for a home is much happier and more attractive if clean in appearance.

You may go into a house some afternoon and find it in disorder, the morning work undone, the children quarreling, and the mother says she can't finish the

work with the children in such tempers. This is the kind of home one wants to get away from quickly.

You next go into a home where mother and daughters are having a pleasant time, perhaps some friends are in for a social chat. When you engage in conversation, they will probably tell you that they finished their household duties as soon as possible in order to have a good time later.

The difference in these two homes is that the first one lacks co-operation and good, strong discipline. Surely the second is a home more healthy, wealthy, and happy.

ALICE FRENCH.

THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WARS

Correlated with Last of the Mohicans

THE French and Indian wars arose from events taking place on the other side of the Atlantic. The bloodshed, torture and other unspeakable horrors were many.

The original base of the war was the disputed territory bordering the Ohio.

The first step towards this war was the granting of a permit by the English Government to a company of men giving them the right to settle. This aroused the suspicions of the French to the effect

that the English were planning to cut off their commerce with Canada and Louisiana, also their trade with the Western Indians. Accordingly the suspecting French began immediately to take active means to secure their claim to the territory.

Disregarding all the rights of the Indians, pioneers from both nations came and settled. All might have gone well had not the French acted hostile. The first sign of this hostility was in 1753 when

three British traders, who had advanced into the disputed territory, were seized by the French and carried as prisoners to Presque Isle, on Lake Erie. Here the French were erecting forts. In turn the Twightwees, a tribe of Indians in alliance with the English, seized several French traders whom they sent to Pennsylvania.

The evident hostilities between the whites aroused the Indians, ever ready for warfare and bloodshed. The settlers in the Shenandoah Valley who were suffering from these savage raids, called upon Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia for aid. A messenger was sent out to ascertain the temper of the Indians and the intentions of the French. Returning he reported that the brutalities of the Indians were alarming. Orders were now given for the English to build forts along the Ohio, but the order was given too late. The French had already taken possession of the territory and were making it secure by building forts. War waged on in this manner for seven years.

It was during this time that Washing-

ton was sent on an important mission to the commander of the French forts—a march of five hundred and sixty miles, a long journey for a boy of twenty-one. While the French officers were in consultation, Washington made a complete survey of the fort, thus aiding in the capture of it.

The capture of Quebec decided the war. Wolfe took his army there on a fleet that sailed up the St. Lawrence. It looked impossible at first to obtain the city on account of its situation on the top of a cliff. Finally, after searching for days, Wolfe discovered a path leading up the hill. Under cover of night they gained the top, and there was a desperate battle. Both generals were mortally wounded. The English general, who was lying on the ground, heard some one say, "They run, they run."

"Who run?" said he.

"The French," was the answer.

"Then," said he, "I die in peace."

This marked the close of the French and Indian Wars.

RITA NELLIGAN, 9D.

Will It Come to This?

"You poor man," sympathized the old lady visiting the state asylum, "and what terrible catastrophe brought you to this state?"

"It was a number of things, ma'am," offered the guard. "He was the principal of the Junior High School of Norwood, and the extra cares wore on his mind. He was unable to yell loud enough for the boys crossing one end of the lawn to hear him. This worry, along with the task of getting a printing schedule drawn up with Mr. Reid, left him in such a condition that his income tax proved disastrous."

"How dreadful! And look at these

poor old ladies. Are they having a quilting bee?" inquired the kindly old lady.

"No ma'am. They are the Algebra and Civics teachers. They have a meeting in this room every week, and by using an Egyptian hieroglyphic chart, they procured from the government, they endeavor to decipher some of their old class papers. That slender young lady on the right is Miss Twiss, the Algebra teacher. She corrected two papers last week, belonging to Lewis Corish and Robert Edwards. They both got 27 1-2 per cent."

"And who is this lovely lady?" asked

the visitor. "She looks like some ancient goddess brooding over the wrongs of the world."

"That is Miss Manchester," explained the guard. "At school she had charge of the boys' dismissal, and their shortcomings affected her mind. She paces the floor of her room for hours with her hands behind her back. Sometimes she stops and goes into the other room. In a few minutes she comes out, dragging a chair with her. She generally sends the chair into 309 to do penance for his noisy habits."

"That little lady in the next ward is Miss Vose. She's resting now, as her imagination causes her to take much violent exercise. She runs from one end of the room to the other on an old pair of stilts, gesticulating wildly, and scolding the pupils for talking in the corridors."

"This next case is one of the most pathetic ones I have known," resumed the guard. "The victim is Miss Hale. She is also the one who procured the chart, as she was the Ancient History teacher. She spends all her time trying to plan a classroom that will have all back seats."

They were in such demand in her room that it undermined her reason.

"Sometimes she and Miss Manchester sit by the hour and bemoan the fact that modern youth appreciates so little the immortal works of Shakespeare."

"That's all that are really dangerous, ma'am, but we have Mr. Reid under observation in the other ward. He can't be separated from a huge dictionary, which he claims he carries for punishing talkative pupils. He spends all his money on gum, but we can't find out what kind it is. He bounces it on the floor during the nights that the moon is full. He is not so bad but that he may be discharged soon."

"What a terrible place that school must have been," said the old lady, "to drive all these people crazy. The pupils must have been brought up in the wrong spirit. If they had only been taught to love their work and—"

"Obey the *first* time," broke in a voice from ward 3. "Do as you're told!"

"Oh, dear!" moaned the old lady, "I must go."

—ROBERT L. EDWARDS.

Watertown Junior High Basket Ball

On the evening of the Milton-Norwood game the Junior High played Watertown. The Watertown team came to Norwood to add another victory to their already long list. The players were large compared with Norwood's, but the Junior High never backed down throughout the game.

The whistle blew and the game was on, Watertown getting the jump from Flaherty. A little passing scored a basket. Flaherty came back, getting the jump but Watertown recovered the ball and scored another basket. Paquette fouled and his man scored.

Flaherty showed Watertown that he wasn't asleep and after the passing of Geary, scored. Norwood made no more points in that half but Watertown kept on adding to her total. When the whistle blew the score stood, Watertown 12, Norwood 2.

Norwood never grew discouraged and after the coaching of Mr. Murray came back on the floor to put up a stiff fight against their opponents.

The second half started with a score for Watertown followed by two by Geary. Flaherty came across with another basket but Watertown was also

scoring heavily. The star play of the game was Berkland's successful shot from the center of the floor, for which he received much applause. This brought an end to the game. Score, Watertown 33, Norwood 10.

Although the figures told so heavily against our team, Norwood has good reason to be proud of her Junior High boys for their fine spirit shown throughout the game.

MICHAEL HAYES, '26.

9C Notes

Flaherty, Johnson and Stevens are taking an extensive course in music every night after school.

Helen Meade and Annie Connolly are racing to see who can talk the longest and say the least.

Cedric Roberts is thinking of buying stilts so he can see everything.

At last 9C has an Honor Roll of which they are not ashamed.

John Rorke nearly fell out the window trying to see someone in the Senior High. What's the attraction, John?

Alice Kelliher, Regina Cormier and Margaret Keahame have been seen coming to school at 8.20. They must like the early morning air.

Margaret Mansen has a large supply of make-up cards which she will gladly put on sale.

Margaret Curtin has grown an inch. Keep it up, Peg.

Herbert Johnson does not approve of red hair. We wonder why.

Mary Clancy likes Ivanhoe, but not the book.

Florence Blasenak never says "I don't know" in Latin.

8B

The class officers of 8B which were elected January 19, 1923, are: John Hayes, President; Luther Howes, Vice-President; Vera Mattson, Secretary; Barbara Stockton, Treasurer.

The fines, which are one or two cents

for breaking certain rules, are to go to the class treasury.

The committee for General Assembly are Marguerite Rorke and Bridgie Curran. A committee was elected to choose a class name and motto. They decided to name the class "Lincoln Juniors" as our room is "The Lincoln Room." The following is the creed of the class—A Lincoln Junior is helpful, slow to anger, fair and square, kindly, cheerful, obedient, studious, courteous, thrifty, honest.

Riddles

Why does Ernest Deeb laugh in his sleeve?

Because his funny bone is there.

What boy is never late for school?

Robert Early.

8E Gossip

Do you know that:

William Stowers didn't borrow anybody's home work this morning?

Frank Pellow brought his gym suit for the first time this year?

Elizabeth Blumenkranz is trying to reduce?

Joseph Lyons grew two inches this month?

Julio Rossetti got his hair curled?

Carl Altonen sang one note in music yesterday?

John Dailey got four more freckles today? (March winds will leave their beauty spots.)

8B

It is reported that Anthony Conley may play baseball this spring.

8B has not had a tardy pupil for three weeks.

Heard in Class while Discussing Thrift

Miss Heagney: "Anthony, what could you buy for two cents?"

Anthony: "A 'Lolly pop.'"

Heard in 8F

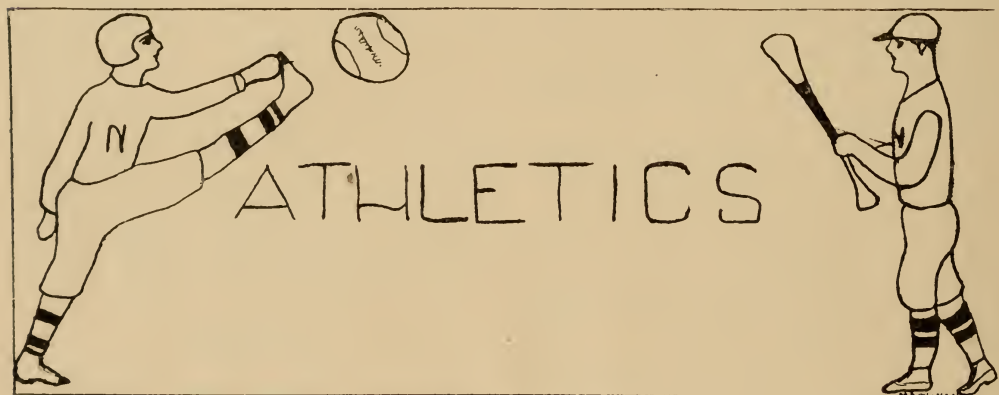
That George Abbott never laughs in Miss Manchester's room for fear of losing his buttons.

That Frank Fatch is a perfect imitation of Rudolph Vasileno.

* * *

Recently this "ad" appeared:

For Sale: Dog—eats anything. Very fond of children.

**1923 Basket Ball**

Norwood 20—Franklin 25

Norwood met its first defeat of the season when it played Franklin High School at Franklin. Karshis, a star player, was out, and the rest of the team did not play up to usual form. Captain Hammersley shifted to back, in order to fill Karshis' place.

* * *

Norwood 45—Foxboro 34

Another victory was added to Norwood's list when it defeated Foxboro High at Everett Hall. It was a clean, fast game throughout. Norwood was slightly in the lead at the end of the first half and then made great headway in the second. Williamson, the star of the evening, scored sixteen points. Captain Smith featured for Foxboro.

Milton 25—Norwood 21

Norwood incurred its second defeat when it met the Milton players at Milton. Our opponents got a slight headway in the beginning and kept it throughout the game. Dower's absence from the team had much to do with the defeat. Hammersley featured for Norwood.

* * *

Norwood 39—Dedham 11

Norwood met its old rival, Dedham High, at Everett Hall on February second, in one of the fastest and most exciting games of the season. The hall was crowded to capacity with Norwood and Dedham supporters. Dedham put up a snappy game in the first half but slumped towards the end. Williamson featured for Norwood with eight goals.

Norwood 34—Walpole 9

A decisive defeat was handed to Walpole by Norwood at Walpole and the game was witnessed by a large crowd of Norwood rooters. Norwood outplayed Walpole in every way. The subs put in during the last period played a good game for Norwood.

* * *

Norwood 29—Putnam 27

All those who saw it agree that the fastest and most exciting game of the season was the Norwood High—Putnam, Conn. High game played at Putnam on February 9. Both teams showed rare skill in passing, getting baskets and in defending goals. The teams were so evenly matched that the score at the end of the fourth period was a tie, 25-25, making it necessary to play an extra five-minute period. In this period Putnam first got the lead, but Dower tied the score and then Hammersley made the basket that won the game.

* * *

Norwood 26—Waltham 15

A good, fast game was played between Norwood and Waltham at Waltham. The score at the end of the first half was 10-10. But in the second half Norwood showed its usual fine brand of basket ball and romped away from its opponents.

* * *

Norwood 41—Norfolk "Aggies" 10

Norwood easily defeated the Norfolk "Aggies" at Everett hall. Though lacking the skill of our players, the "Aggies" made the game interesting to watch. Karshis created a sensation by his unusual playing. Although a back, he obtained six baskets, thus tying with Dower.

* * *

Norwood 39—Walpole 14

In a return game Norwood again trimmed Walpole decisively, this time

in Everett hall. The first half showed a fine exhibition of basket ball on both sides, Norwood leading 17 to 12. In the second half Walpole was smothered by Norwood's bewildering attack.

* * *

Norwood 47—Franklin 16

Since Norwood had been beaten by Franklin the return game aroused much interest and a close, exciting contest was expected. It was a great surprise when Norwood swamped Franklin so completely. The Norwood subs, put in at the second half, played well.

* * *

Norwood 28—Attleboro 9

Norwood continued its string of victories by easily defeating Attleboro in their gym. The Attleboro players showed flashes of brilliant playing, but they were overcome by the steady defense of our team.

* * *

Dedham 17—Norwood 13

An enormous crowd from Norwood journeyed to Dedham on March 7, fully expecting to see Dedham beaten as thoroughly as it had been before. However, this was the most disappointing game of the season. Karshis was unable to play because of a sore leg and the rest of the team lacked the pep and spirit they had shown in other games. Dedham forged ahead from the beginning and had the game under its control throughout. The first half resulted in the score: Dedham 14—Norwood 8. In the last half Norwood improved its defense greatly and prevented Dedham from making more than three points.

* * *

Norwood 26—Milton 21

A game replete with thrills was the return game between Norwood and Milton played at the Civic on March 9. The Milton boys played an excellent game

and kept our players extremely busy. Norwood received quite a scare in the third period, when the brilliant playing of Stokingier gave Milton a six point lead. But our players came back with a rush and made basket after basket until Norwood had a five point lead at the end of the game. Stokingier made thirteen fouls.

* * *

Norwood 41—Everett 10

A post season game was played at Everett on March 29 between Everett

High and Norwood. In spite of not having practiced for several weeks Norwood played in its usual fine manner. As this was the first season for many years that Everett had been represented by a basket ball team, the players were much more inexperienced than our veterans. McLean and Flood entered the game in the third period and "Bill" Geary, a ninth grader, in the fourth period. Geary while in the game played extremely well.

Other Basket Ball Notes

Michael Drummey was unanimously elected captain of the 1924 team.

The following members of the basket ball squad were awarded letters:

Captain Hammersley, Captain-elect

Drummey, "Bud" Dower, Dave Foren, Tony Karshis, Robert Williamson, "Jeff" McLean, William Flood and Manager Eugene Lunden.

Girls' Basket Ball — 1923

Norwood High has always taken a prominent part in athletics, but this year it increased its fame by having a girls' team. The Girls' Basket Ball Team played a regular schedule, and even though they did not win every single game (the very best teams lose sometimes, you know) their achievements traveled far. Although the team was often defeated, its spirit was kept up by its coach, Miss Kiley. The schedule for 1923 was as follows:

Mansfield 13	Norwood 8
Bridgewater 22	Norwood 13

Attleboro 14	Norwood 10
Mansfield 15	Norwood 8
Franklin 16	Norwood 13
Bridgewater 26	Norwood 14
Attleboro 27	Norwood 7
Franklin 8	Norwood 19
Faculty 5	Norwood 19
Civic 10	Norwood 15

In conclusion we might say that the number of defeats did not dampen the spirit of the team, and next season shall see the "cream of the girls' outfit" and "the fastest team in the state" reaping the fruits of victory.

School Activities

On March 23, Dr. Arthur J. Roberts, President of Colby College, gave a most interesting and stimulating talk at assembly on the reasons why one should go to college. President Roberts won

the hearty applause of his audience at the outset when he introduced himself as foster-father of our Principal, Mr. Grant, who was graduated from Colby, and foster-grandfather of the students of

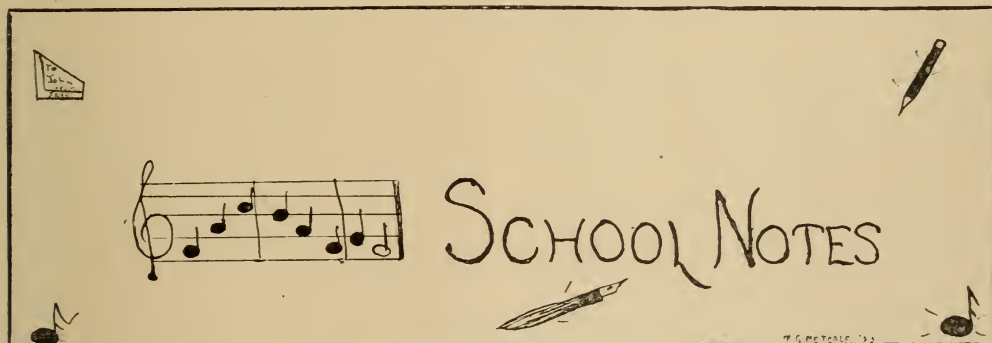
Norwood High. Then with paternal earnestness he urged the students to take advantage of every opportunity for higher education, not only because it means greater earning power by training the faculties to their utmost capacity, but because it means the "enrichment of life"—the power to live more completely, to enjoy life more fully and, best of all, to serve humanity more efficiently.

The students also enjoyed the selections by the High School Orchestra and the Boys' Collegiate Quartet.

On March 29 letters were awarded to

many students for their good work in basket ball. We are especially proud of the girls who received letters, not only because they comprise the first girls' team of which the school has been able to boast for many years, but also because of the fine spirit and ability they have shown in every contest.

The Glee Club and Orchestra are busily preparing for the annual concert which is to be given early in May. The orchestra also expects to contribute in no small way to the success of the Senior Play on April 5 and 6.



Senior Notes

The annual Senior Play, the event of all events in the history of the class of '23, was presented with great success on April 5th and 6th in Everett Hall. Much of this success was, of course, determined by the ability of the cast itself. With Barbara Barr and Robert Williamson as leading characters, much was to be expected in the way of fine acting, and according to reports, all expectations were fulfilled. "Buddy," in the role of Judy, made as charming an orphan as she did a college girl, which only goes to prove that "clothes do not make the woman!" Williamson, as Jervis Pendleton, played his part with remarkable skill and interpreted the character of

the older man with great success. His skill in the art of lovemaking (as displayed in the final closeup) might well make amateurs green with envy. Evelyn MacWhirter, in the guise of Mrs. Lippett, so exemplified our fairy tale idea of the character who rules such homes with a hand of iron, that even the most brave in the audience were filled with awe and terror at her every word. The poor downtrodden orphans, namely, Margaret Smith, Veronica Downey, Marion Feeney, Claire Sullivan, Toba Metcalf and "Freddy" Ellis, presented a happy (?) appearance. Once out of sight of Mrs. Lippett, however, their true natures came to light, and for a few brief hours

they reveled in Judy's company. Miss Pritchard and the Trustees next entered the scene and made matters more complicated than ever. Miss Pritchard (Florence Littlefield) struggled bravely under the role of the genial old maid who served as Cupid's understudy. The Trustees,—Richard Cuff, John Darling, and Harold Phalen—carried out their character parts so well that the audience fairly rocked with laughter. Poor Dick did nobly, even though in the supreme effort he nearly ruined his naturally sweet voice.

The second act found Julia (Emily Wheeler) and Sally (Mary Cocoran) carrying out their ideas on light house-keeping when Mrs. Pendleton and Miss Pritchard entered. Mrs. Pendleton, played by "Milly" Nelligan, was a very impressive personage who served to create a little excitement by her love of "family trees. Emily Wheeler and Mary Cocoran, representing two types of the college girl, greatly amused their hearers with their feeble attempts at receiving guests. Jimmy McBride, alias William Spade Hammersly, made a joyful (!) entrance in this scene. Besides causing a great deal of merriment with his witty remarks, "Ham" managed to arouse our sympathy because he was so completely overlooked by the heroine.

In the next two acts we have four new characters,—Mary Lynch as Mrs. Semple, Cecelia Eckholm as Carrie, Eugene Lunden as Greggs, and friend Dave as Walters. Mrs. Semple, the kind and motherly country woman quite stole away our hearts; and as for the other three named, well, they just couldn't have been better.

While butlering is a new line for Dave of football fame, it didn't phase him one bit, it seemed. Thus endeth the story of the cast itself.

To Mr. Burnham must go the laurels of the occasion, for it was through his strenuous efforts that the play came off so well. A remarkable store of patience, good-will and friendliness—these and many more were the traits which we found to admire in him. Besides backing up the cast with words of praise and encouragement, Mr. Burnham provided its members with many hours of fun as well as work. To quote "Freddy" Ellis, Mr. Burnham's right hand man, "he sure is one peach of a fellow!"

Business Manager Reardon, and her assistant, Margaret Donovan, carried out their duties so well that every ticket in the house was sold for both nights, and Wilma, after strenuous hours behind the seating plans, came out with that victorious smile. Then, of course, there was "Bunny" Morrison, P. M. (Property Manager). Many were the weary hours that he put in, in trailing those who were so unfortunate as to possess our needed properties.

And last, but, above all, not least, were the selections played by the school orchestra, under Miss Hall, between the acts and before the grand opening. "The Governor's Own," overture—"Poet and Peasant," "War Songs," "Daddy Long Legs," "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," and "Air Louis XIII" comprised the musical program which was rendered so effectively and which contributed in no small way to the success and enjoyment of the Senior Play.

Miss Abbott asked who is postmaster-general of the President's cabinet. Vera: "Mr. McManus."

Darling, reading a letter describing a cottage: "The living room is surrounded by a broad piazza."

Senior Class Tax

Some time ago we Seniors held a class meeting in Everett Hall. The purpose of this meeting was to determine a suitable class tax. After much discussion and argumentation it was agreed to place the tax at twenty cents until we had acquired a fair sum in the treasury. There was a general campaign this month to have everyone pay up back

dues. In doing so we would go back to our former rates. What seems to be the trouble, Seniors? Why can't we pay up? You realize it isn't a pleasure to the treasurer and his assistants to have to keep nagging you.

Lets play the game fairly and adopt this as our motto:

"Square in Everything."

IRENE WALKER, '23.

What Would Happen If

Clyde was big instead of Small?

Russell was a taylor instead of a Smith?

Toba met a cow instead of a Calf?

Virginia was a long ton instead of a Lay-ton?

Bill was beef instead of a "Ham."

"Red" was a raisin instead of a Curran?

Vera was yearly instead of Dailey?

Irene was a conundrum instead of a Riddle?

John was a dear instead of a Darling?

Barbara was a saloon instead of a Barr?

Doris was an old man instead of a Newman?

Vera was woolly instead of Downey?

Eugene was Paris instead of Lunden (London)?

Gertrude was quick-sand instead of Maier (mire)?

Helen was paths instead of Rhoades (roads)?

Rob was John's son instead of William-son?

Mary was to shoot instead of Lynch?

Edith was a valley instead of a Hill?

Catherine was rowing instead of Mohan?

Hannah was tallow instead of Wacks (wax)?

Kenneth was a gardener instead of a Potter?

Irene was an iceberg instead of a Gott-berg?

Helen was a slingshot instead of a Blanchot?

Jerry was Islington instead of Ellis?

Anna was a molehill instead of a Tanny-hill?

Emily was a roller instead of a Wheeler?

Tottie was bangs instead of Knox?

Richard was a collar instead of Cuff?

Irene was a runner instead of a Walker?

Dave was a one-in instead of a Foren?

Emma was beats instead of Vietze?

Mary was an iron instead of an O'Brien?

Dorothy was a plank instead of a Bemis?

The Seniors had sense instead of non-sense?

Miss James, reading a letter: "The Cottage borders on the sea front and there is a fire (fine) place for swimming."

Miss MacLane, talking about dictation: "It all depends upon the man you get."

Miss Abbott—to find out present number of men in the House of Representatives: "You can find it in another book."

Kitty: "Can't we write to Washington?"

Peggy: "No, he's dead."

It's going some when 10 husky basket ball players can't hang onto their chauffeur!

* * *

Olga, telling about battles in Civil War: "Well, the North had all their battles made of wood."

* * *

Mary F., at library: "Is Abraham Lincoln in?"

* * *

Miss James: "Please read the next essay, 'On the Roof.'"

* * *

Miss Abbott, speaking about House of Representatives: "Now if a representative dies, what do they do?"

Vera to Kitty: "Bury him."

* * *

Mr. Reed: "Now in the last five minutes, everybody pick up the floor around their desks."

* * *

Miss MacLane, telling shorthand class about Sophomore party: "Then the girls tried to tie the ankles around the balloons of the fellows."

* * *

Helen, shining her shoes: "Oh, Lord, give me strength."

* * *

Olga: "Secretary of the Interior has a lot of bureaus underneath him."

* * *

Kitty: "I have a book on the railroad."

Which one, Kitty, the N. Y., N. H. & H.?

* * *

Swanson, reading sign at lunch counter: "Be kind to animals": "I will. I'll get two hot dogs."

* * *

Helen N.: "What is the word after provider?"

Miss MacLane: "I don't know. Spell it."

Peggy: "Was that the fire alarm?"

Miss Abbott: "No, an auto horn."

* * *

Miss James: "Being one's natural self—acting foolish."

The Question Box

Where does our History go after we once read it?

Ans. Out!

Where does time go in vacation?

Ans. By!

What happens to our knowledge of our Government when we reach History, IV D?

Ans. Sinks!

Why doesn't Winter come after Summer?

Ans. Because it can't get there without a Fall!

It can't be done

From What We Hear

Mary Coreoran has stopped laughing.

Julia Murphy likes Bookkeeping.

Olga has stopped getting notes from A. T.

Darling does his English.

Kenneth Potter has stopped giving witty answers in English.

Miss MacLane has forgotten to give tests.

Shorthand class of girls get 100% in Spelling.

Senior girls are allowed to wear knickers.

"Ham" is on time for Play Rehearsals.

Pupils in History IV D always know their lessons.

Peggy isn't cold.

Miss MacLane never puts the "cart before the horse."

Kitty and Peggy don't like the "Paige."

Evelyn has forgotten to study her lessons.

Them days are gone forever!

Junior Class Notes

Note the Growing Junior Honor Roll!

The Junior Executive Committee, by special vote, has been chosen by the Principal. This committee is as follows:

Carl Ambrose,
Helen Anderson,
Michael Drummey,
Kerstin Johnson,
Nellie Lynch.

(President acts as Chairman.)

Why not use "dead policemen" to direct traffic in the basement at recess?

* * *

Miss James: "Give the principal parts of *go*."

McDonough: "Go, going, gone."

* * *

Questions of the Day

Why do the girls wear their necks in a sling?

* * *

We Notice That

Junior to Sophomore: "Here's the money, run down and get me a haircut."

Sophomore: "What size?"

* * *

Room 201 certainly misses Mill Elliott. We hope to have her with us again soon.

* * *

An idea may be yours by discovery but it can be lost by neglect.

Miss Gow treated her ninth grade to a party a short time ago. They weren't the only ones. How about the Algebra class of '24?

* * *

Tony has a Valentino haircut.

Evelyn was worried when Dave went to Syracuse.

Dogga Flaherty cracked a smile.

* * *

We should like to know where all the support promised by the alumni to our school paper has gone.

* * *

Juniors: "Don't forget your class tax!"

* * *

Miss Abbott, in Economics: "What are the natural resources of Norwood?"

Chapman: "The Lumber Company."

* * *

Teacher, in discussing the solution of a problem: "Where did you reach the point of "diminishing returns"?"

Pendergast: "I didn't reach it."

* * *

Teacher: "What is a dry dock?"

Pupil: "A physician who won't give prescriptions?"

* * *

We hear the laundry wants a fireman. "How about it, Edward?"

Sophomore Notes

"The Sophomores"

The Sophomores are as good as gold,
They do exactly what they're told;
To all their work they pay attention,
And never a cross word do they mention.

All their studies they adore,
Over history books they pore—
From early morn till late at night,
Cramming "dates" with all their might.

—HELEN CORCORAN, '25.

The design has been chosen for the Sophomore rings and pins, and the orders are to be sent in within a few days.

* * *

Sophomore theme: "The doctor examined her and found a few external bruises where she had been robbed of her money."

* * *

Miss Bataitus, translating: "The 'hair' is a very fine animal."

Question: What factors led to the location of paths made by wild animals?

Junior: The Interstate Commerce Act.

* * *

Miss Abbott, in history class: "What did Persia begin with?"

Pupil: "P."

* * *

Heard in the corridor

Riley: "What would we do if we had class here some night, and the lights went out?"

Regan: "I don't know."

Riley: "Make candles out of 'Wacks.'"

"What did you take for your book report?"

Pupil: "The Girl I Loved."

* * *

Miss Nugent: "Miss Bridges, shall I put the 'paisley' on the dish?"

* * *

O'Neil went to a shower given to one of his friends.

He took his *raincoat*.

* * *

The "Out of Luck Club"

The camera-man came the day she was absent.

EXCHANGES

"The Arguenot" wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges:

"Hamptonia," New Hampton, N. H.

"Abhis," Abington, Mass.

"The Imp," Brighton, Mass.

"Boston University Beacon," Boston University, Boston, Mass.

"Gloucester Beacon," Gloucester, Mass.

"The Echo," Winthrop, Mass.

"Northeastern Tech," Northeastern University, Mass.

"Durfee Hilltop," Durfee High School, Fall River, Mass.

"The Echo," Canton, Mass.

"The Newtonite," Newton, Mass.

COMMENTS ON OUR ARGUENOT

"Your stories excel in both quality and quantity. We enjoyed reading your 'Alumni News' because of its clever sprinkling of humor. The name of your school was not readily discernible; however, we looked in the advertisements."—"Abhis," Abington, Mass.

"Excellent editorials, fine stories, good poems, all in all a splendid magazine. Your Exchange Department could be enlarged to an advantage."—"Gloucester Beacon," Gloucester, Mass.

ARGUENOT ON OUR COMMENTS

"Hamptonia," New Hampton, N. H.—Your School News is written in a very unusual manner and shows originality. Editorials are very good. A few cuts, cartoons and an Exchange Department would add greatly to your magazine.

"Abhis," Abington, Mass.—An excellent and enjoyable paper, interesting to anyone. Your jokes and cover design are especially good. "Mottos and Quotations as applied to the Science Club 'Slay Ride,'" show thought and a keen sense of humor. The Abhis pin given to the Abhis Board is certainly deserved, judging by your magazine. If we were not well acquainted with your paper, we would not know who published the "Abhis."

"The Imp," Brighton, Mass.—A complete paper with good cuts for department headings. "The Imp's South American Expedition" is certainly worthy of praise, being very unusual and very well written. We don't blame you for being proud of Joe McKenney; we surely admire him.

"Gloucester Beacon," Gloucester, Mass.—We always welcome a "Beacon"

on our list of exchanges for it is a magazine complete in every department. Stories are excellent and jokes are good. We found valuable information in the article "Have you any time?" Why not have a few cuts for headings?

"Durfee Hilltop," Durfee High School. Fall River, Mass.—A few cartoons or cuts might add to your paper. Your "Joke Department" could also be improved. A neat paper and full of vigor. We particularly liked your editorial on "Louvain."

"The Echo," Canton, Mass.—Your essay on Lincoln in the February issue was very well written. "In the Days of Old when Cave-Men were Bold" evinces a fine sense of humor. Where are your Athletic and Alumni Departments? We found "Food for Thought" very instructive.

"The Echo," Winthrop, Mass.—A very fine paper but a few short stories would add much interest. We second the comment given you by Manchester, N. H., regarding the sport news being placed on one page with a suitable heading.

"Northeastern Tech," Northeastern University, Mass.—A well balanced magazine. Where is your Exchange Department? The "Gold Key Society" is a good idea and we hope you succeed in establishing it in your school.

"The Newtonite," Newton, Mass.—Your paper is newsy. Your publication entitled "The Literary Supplement" was excellent. The plays and essays in this edition were very good, as was also the rest of the material. Having a poem to which an answer is to be submitted about the Seniors is a novel and original idea.

Exchange Jokes

I went home to see my folks last week.
How did you find them?

Oh, I knew where they lived.
—"Yale Record."

* * *

He asked for bread and the curtain
came down with a roll.—"Hamptonia."

* * *

Soph: "Can a person be punished for
something he hasn't done?"

Teacher: "Of course not."

Soph: "Well, I haven't done my Geo-
metry."—"Abhis."

* * *

Sophomore (trying to construct a
theme): "Say, Bill, do you spell sense
with a 'c' or an 's'?"

Bill: "That depends. Do you refer
to money or brains?"

Sophomore: "Aw, I don't mean either
of them two. What I want to say is 'I
haven't seen him sense.'"

—"Gloucester Beacon."

* * *

Mr. T.: "Use the word Egypt in a sen-
tence."

Fresh.: "I asked him for my change
but 'Egypt' me."—"Gloucester Beacon."

Soph.: "You surely are a good dancer."

She: "Thank you, I'm sorry I can't
return the compliment."

Soph.: "You could if you were as big
a liar as I am."—"Mugwump."

Pupil: "Why is my 'Thanatopsis'
marked wrong?"

Teacher: "You had no quotations
around it."

Pupil: "But really, the book I copied it
out of didn't have any quotation marks."

—"Gloucester Beacon."

ALUMNI NEWS

"Artie" Eckholm was home from Colby College for the spring vacation. He evidently is living up to his excellent baseball reputation, for we hear he is to pitch the opening game for Colby.

Jimmie Flaherty and Tom Wenzel also have made the squads at their respective colleges.

Helen Goggin has left for Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, where she will train for a nurse's career. Nora Cronan was hostess at a surprise party for the future nurse recently.

Keith Bullard, a wireless operator stationed on the Great Lakes, was home recently for a vacation.

Much discussion has been heard with reference to starting a walking club. "Hub" Thompson is an enthusiastic advocate, and favors South Walpole especially as a destination.

Alumni may secure tickets for the reunion dance at Brown's, Garner's and Switzer's pharmacies, and from members of the committee.

Congratulations to Tom Wenzel are in order for making the Epsilon Psi Fraternity at Brown University.

Miss Mary Murphy is looking wise and saying nothing, but just keep one eye on the third finger of her left hand.

George Newman, Bill Littlefield and Gerald King of Dartmouth spent Easter in Norwood.

Miss Mary Goodwin came home from Mechanicsville, New York, for a short vacation, and says that she likes her position as music supervisor very much.

The Alumni editor wishes that some news would be contributed by older members of the alumni, so that our department will not be confined to a few classes.

Alumni! Boost your dance. Prove

that the spirit you showed on your Class Day still exists. This dance is not a financial venture, but a sort of reunion, a get-together of all the classes, and also a "feeler" to determine the real strength of the N. H. S. Alumni.

What do you think of an Alumni Association for Norwood? Other towns have them, and who says Norwood is not as progressive? Such an organization, composed of *everybody* who is a graduate of the Norwood High School, would mean a great deal to the town not only in the way of social activities but of athletic and civic affairs. Think this matter over, and if you are interested and have any suggestions or ideas in regard to starting such an organization, please send them in.

Please note that our dance is to be held in Everett Hall rather than Social. The original plan favored the latter, because it has more possibilities for attractive decorations and lends a more party-like atmosphere; but later, the general committee doubted whether that hall could accommodate all the alumni and their friends who are expected to attend, and therefore changed to Everett Hall.

We absolutely can't think of any more news about anybody and we positively shall have to make some up. Here goes!

Jim Walker has recently been arrested for speeding again in that mean little Fiat of his.

"Windy" Ward intends to open a summer camp for girls on New Pond this summer. All girls between the ages of 16 and 65 who are interested please see Mr. Wards on Douglas Avenue.

May MacWhirter is very much interested in the automobile business and already has made good as a saleswoman.



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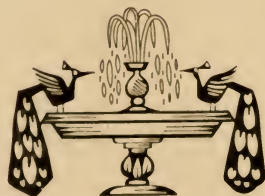
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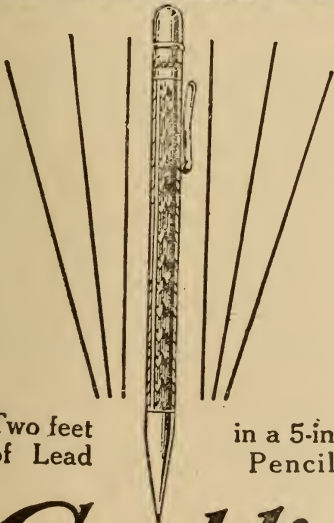
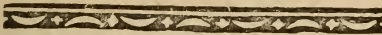
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